The card

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/13802028.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham, Abigail Lecter
Additional Tags:	Valentine's Day, Fluff and Smut, Alpha/Beta/Omega Dynamics, Alpha/Omega, handjob
Language:	English
Series:	Part 11 of Omega Hannibal
Stats:	Published: 2018-02-26 Words: 1,097 Chapters: 1/1

The card

by TCbook

Summary

MY BABY IS GROWING UP WILL

Notes

Another chapter of this lovely family series!

Thanks to my lovely beta @victorine

I love her

And thank you everyone for staying with me!

See the end of the work for more notes

- Translation into Русский available: Открытка by Krayn_Aletale

It was early in the morning of Valentine's day, early enough for Hannibal to be up and Will to still be sleeping. Until he heard the hushed, yet frantic voice of his mate trying to wake him up.

"Will! Will, wake up, this is an emergency!"

"Wha-what, what? What is happening?!" Will woke up with the dawning light softly illuminating the flustered contours of his mate, wide open eyes and his disarranged hair hanging loose over his forehead.

"Abby!" Hannibal sobbed, clutching his chest.

"What?! What happened to Abby?!" Will jumped up, almost running out of the bed, his alpha instincts to protect his family overflowing in seconds.

"I went in to check her this morning, and she had a Valentine's card on her table!"

"Ah," Will replied, dropping his shoulders and lying back again.

"Will, this is important! She's growing up so quickly! She's only eight years old and she's feeling attracted to someone. What if she's an early bloomer? She's too little for us to give her the talk! But what if she's an alpha? She needs to know how to be a polite alpha! And if she's omega she has to know the-" Hannibal's voice was coming out heavy with his accent, mumbling the words, almost afraid of what he was saying.

Will put a hand over Hannibal's bowed lips, softly pulling the omega with him under the covers.

"Did the card have a name? She's very friendly with that Dimmond kid."

"It says, `For my Valentine.`"

"Atta girl."

"Will! She's eight!" Hannibal moaned, hiding his face in the crook of Will's neck, the rich scent of the alpha calming him.

Will eased Hannibal over his chest, softly purring his concern away, leaving sweet kisses behind his ears and under his jaw. Will could almost hear the gears cracking inside Hannibal's brain, his scent getting tangy with distress while the omega mumbled about bees and flowers and how their daughter was growing up so fast.

Will's purr started to grow into a little growl with every nip he gave to the soft exposed skin of his husband, his hands softly rubbing Hannibal's neck and sides, his nose buried under the omega's soft locks of graying hair.

"You smell like every morning of my eternity, like happiness served fresh," Will whispered, smiling to himself when he felt the shiver of his mate between his arms.

“Mylimasis.” Hannibal breathed the word out.

The sunlight still hadn’t quite caught the sky when they started purring to each other, bodies seeking the other’s touch until they shed the bottoms of their sleeping clothes beneath the covers. Eager alpha hands sought for Hannibal’s entrance, teasing him until the constant purr coming from the omega was cut off with a deep moan when Will circled his hand around Hannibal’s cock.

“Would you be my Valentine, Hannibal?” Will purred, showing the points of his alpha fangs enough to make Hannibal buck his hips in the tight warmth of Will’s hand.

“Yes, oh Will- yes,” Hannibal hissed right into Will’s ears, making the alpha impossibly hard with just his voice alone.

Will smeared the precome gathering at the slit of Hannibal’s cock with his thumb, making the broad omega shudder beside him. Will loved looking at the blissful face of the omega while his hand moved up and down his length, Hannibal’s cheekbones drowning in deeper and deeper shades of the most beautiful red with every stroke.

Will nuzzled Hannibal’s neck, his lips chasing the movement of the blush along the hairy chest of his mate, feeling how the distress finally faded from his scent, boosted by the cascade of lust washing over their bodies.

Will felt Hannibal’s big hands taking his cock, both rocking against the other’s hands with the softest roll of hips, lips too busy with the other’s mouth, only parting to moan or whine, shedding just a few scattered words around their moans that meant nothing but love.

Will moved one of his hands between Hannibal’s legs, gathering some of the warm slick pooling there to lube their cocks and press them together between their conjoined hands.

Hannibal moaned sweetly at the contact of their skin, their shafts touching, their uncovered heads rubbing against each other while Hannibal cried at the feeling of the pulsating knot of his alpha against his soft sack.

Will raised one of his slicked fingers to his mouth, letting out a sound completely made to make his omega kneel at his feet, making Hannibal reach out and squeeze Will’s knot before he came.

Will felt his body melt under the touch, fat ropes of cum striking the lower belly of his omega, who then came with the same force over Will, marking his skin as Hannibal's all over again.

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The sweet afterglow faded after the shower, and both parents were making a sweet family Valentine's Day breakfast when Abigail came into the kitchen. She padded softly in her turquoise slippers, matching with the delicate housecoat that made her look like a little fairy, fluttering from the floor.

“Good morning my petit choux,” Hannibal greeted her, softly kissing her forehead.

“Good morning, papa.”

“Abby, did you forget something?” Will said, cocking a brow while putting the plates on the three spots on the table.

Abby’s pair of maroon-spotted blue eyes opened wide in childish surprise before she ran to the stairs.

Hannibal didn't understand. He watched the frilly ends of Abby's pj's and housecoat come and go, giving a look to his husband who was trying, for the third time, to make coffee.

The eight year old came back as fast as she went, her hands holding the same Valentine's card he found early in the morning out to Hannibal.

“Be my Valentine, papa! Daddy asked me to help him with the card,” the little girl chirped, bouncing with joy while Hannibal opened the card with a new meaning, his smile widening and his eyes blurring with unshed tears.

“Happy Valentine's Day, Hannibal,” Will purred behind them, holding a small bouquet of ruby roses and a frame with three handprints covered in three colors of glitter. Golden letters ran across the top, highlighting "family" in Lithuanian.

How did they get Hannibal's handprint? Ask the former FBI agent.

Hannibal laughed, catching his daughter and husband in a hug, kissing both of them on the cheeks before gesturing at Abby to sit for breakfast.

“I love you,” Hannibal sighed, looking at the frame.

“Oh, and you will love the hearts I left in the basement… for dinner,” Will whispered, before sitting in his chair.

Hannibal smiled.

End Notes

You can always leave me a message with another situation you would like to see.

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